

SPANISH DOUBLOONS

By CAMILLA KENYON

COPYRIGHT THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

THE CAVE.

Synopsis—Jane Harding, respectable and conservative old maid—but never too old to think of marriage—with more money than brains, is inveigled by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higgins-Browne, into financing an expedition to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward island. Her niece, Virginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel and is unwillingly carried along. By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Talking with Dugald Shaw, leader of the expedition, Virginia very frankly expresses her views, practically accusing Shaw and the other members of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage Captain Magnus, and a shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island is a matter of some difficulty, Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane. The party gets settled. Miss Browne tells about the treasure. Virginia declares herself out of it.

(CHAPTER V—Continued.)

Mr. Tubbs then produced a legal-looking document which I took to be the original agreement of the members of the expedition. Beneath their signatures he had inscribed a sort of codicil, by which I relinquished all claim on any treasure recovered by the party. I signed the clause in a bold and defiant hand, under the attentive eyes of the company. A sort of sigh went round, as though something of vast moment had been concluded. And indeed it had, for now the way was clear for Violet's map.

Coverly I watched the faces around me. Mr. Tubbs' eyes had grown bright; he licked his dry lips. His nose, tip-tilted and slightly bulbous, took on a more than usually rosy hue. Captain Magnus, who was of a restless and jerky habit at the best of times, was like a leashed animal scenting blood. Beneath his open shirt you saw the quick rise and fall of his hairy chest. His lips, drawn back wolfishly, displayed yellow, fang-like teeth. Under the raw crude greed of the man you seemed to glimpse something indescribably vulpine and ferocious.

The face of Dugald Shaw was controlled, but there was a slight rigidity in his quiet. A pulse beat rapidly in his cheek. All worldly good, all hope of place, power, independence, hung for him on the contents of the small flat package, wrapped in oil-silk, which Miss Browne was at this moment withdrawing from her pocket.

Only Cuthbert Vane, seated next to me, maintained without effort his serenity. For him the whole affair belonged in the category known as sport, where a gentleman played his stake and accepted with equanimity the issue.

The dead sailor's legacy consisted of a single sheet of time-stained paper. Two-thirds of the sheet was covered by a roughly-drawn sketch in faded ink, giving the outline of the island shores as we had seen them from the Rufus Smith. Here was the cave, with the name it bears in the Admiralty charts—Lantern bay—written in, and a dotted line indicating the channel.

To all appearance the map was merely to give Hopperdown his directions for entering the cove. There was absolutely no mark upon it to show where the treasure had been buried.

Now for the writing on the sheet below the map. It was in another hand than that which had written Lantern bay across the face of the cove, and which, though labored, was precise and clear. This other was an uneven, wavering scrawl:

"He said it is in a Cave with 2 mouths near by the grave of Bill Halliwell which was cut down for he new to much. He sed you can bring a boat to the cave at the half Tide but beware the turn for the pull is strong. He sed to find the Grave again look for the stone at the head marked B. H. and a Cross Bones. In the Christ is gold Dubloons, a vast lot, also a silver Cross which he sed leve for the Grave for he sed Bill walks and thats unlucky."

That was all. A fairly clear direction for any friend who had attended the obsequies of Bill and knew where to look for the stone marked B. H. and a cross-bones, but to perfect strangers it was vague.

A blank look crept into the intent faces about the table.

"It—it don't happen to say in more detail jest precisely where that cave might be looked for?" Inquired Mr. Tubbs hopefully.

"In more detail?" repeated Miss Browne, challengingly. "Pray, Mr. Tubbs, what further detail could be required?"

"A good deal more, I am afraid," remarked the Scotchman grimly.

Miss Browne whirled upon him. In her cold eye a spark had kindled. And suddenly I had a new vision of her. I saw her no longer as the detester of Aunt Jane, but as herself the deluded. Her belief in the treasure was an obsession. This map was her talisman, her way of escape from an

existence which had been drab and dull enough, I dare say.

"Mr. Shaw"—Miss Browne gave the effect of drawing herself up in line of battle—"I feel that I must give expression to the thought which comes to me at this moment. It is this—that if the members of this party are to be chilled by carping doubts, the wave of enthusiasm which has floated us thus far must inevitably recede, leaving us flotsam on a barren shore. What can one weak woman—pardon, my unfaltering Jane!—two women achieve against the thought of failure firmly held by him to whom we looked to lead us boldly in our forward dash? Mr. Shaw, this is no time for crawling earthworm tactics. It is with the bold and sweeping glance of the eagle that we must survey this island, until the proper point discerned, we swoop with majestic flight upon our predestined goal!"

Miss Browne was somewhat exhausted by this effort, and paused for breath, whereupon Mr. Tubbs, anxious to retrieve his recent blunder, seized with dexterity the opportunity.

"I get you, Miss Browne, I get you," said Mr. Tubbs with conviction. "Victory ain't within the grasp of any individual that carries a heart like a cold pancake in his bosom. I may be rather a man of thought than action, ma'am, and at present far from my native heath, which is the financial centers of the country, but if I remember right, it was Ulysses done the dome-work for the Greeks, while certain persons that was depended on sulked in their tents. Miss Higgins-Browne, you can count—count, I say—on old H. H."

"I thank you, Mr. Tubbs, I thank you!" replied Miss Browne with emotion. As for Aunt Jane, she gazed upon the noble countenance of Mr. Tubbs with such ecstatic admiration that her little nose quivered like a guinea-pig's.

CHAPTER VI.

The Cave With Two Mouths.

Obscure as were the directions which Hopperdown's niece had taken from his dying lips, one point at least was clear—the treasure-cave opened on the sea. This seemed an immense simplification of the problem, until you discovered that the great wall of cliffs was honeycombed with fissures.

One of the boats which had conveyed us from the Rufus Smith had been left with us, and in it Mr. Shaw, with the Honorable Cuthbert and Captain Magnus, made a preliminary voyage of discovery. This yielded the information above set down, plus, however, the thrilling and significant fact that a cave seemingly predestined to be the hiding place of treasure, and moreover a cave with the specified two openings, ran under the point which protected the anchorage on the south, connecting the cove with the sea. Only the Scotchman remained exasperatingly calm and declined to admit that the treasure was as good as found.

"I'll wait till I see the color of my money before I reckon the interest on it," he remarked. "It's true the cave



Made a Preliminary Voyage of Discovery.

would be a likely and convenient place for hiding the chest; the question is: Wouldn't it be too likely and convenient? Sampson would maybe not choose the spot of all others where the first comer who had got word of the story would be certain to look."

"Well, friends," remarked Mr. Tubbs, "there's them that sees nothing but the hole in the doughnut, and there's them that see the doughnut that's around the hole. I ain't ashamed to say that old H. H. is in the doughnut class. Why, the old Man himself used to remark—I guess I ain't news to some here about me tain't on the inside with most of the leadin' financial lights of the country—he used to remark, 'Tubbs has it in

him to bull the market on a Black Friday.' Ladies, I ain't one that's inclined to boast, but I jest want to warn you not to be too astonished when H. H. makes acquaintance with Bill Halliwell's tombstone, which I'm willin' to lay he does yet."

"Well, good luck to you," said the grim Scot, "and let me likewise warn all hands not to be too astonished if we find that the treasure is not in the cave. But I'll admit it is as good a place as any for beginning the search."

The cave which was now the center of our hopes—I say our, because somehow or other I found myself hoping and fearing along with the rest, though carefully concealing it—ran under the point at its farther end. The distance was about sixty feet from mouth to mouth, and back of this transverse passage a great vaulted chamber stretched far under the land. The walls of the chamber rose sheer to a height of fifteen feet or more, when a broad ledge broke their smoothness. At high water the sea flooded the cavern to its farthest extremity and beat upon the walls. Now and again, it was to prove, even the water-worn pavement between the two archways was left bare, and one could walk dry-shod along the rocks under the high land of the point from the beach to the cave. But this was at the very bottom of the ebb. Mostly the lower end of the cave was flooded, and the explorers went back and forth in the boat.

A certain drawback to boating in our island waters was the presence of hungry hordes of sharks. You might forget them for a moment and sit happily trailing your fingers overboard, and then a huge moving shadow would darken the water, and you saw the ripple cut by a darting fin and the flash of a livid belly as the monster rolled over, ready for his mouthful.

What with the genius of Cookie and the fruitfulness of our island, not to speak of supplies from the Army and Navy stores, we lived like sybarites. There were fish from stream and sea, coconuts and bananas and oranges from the trees in the clearing. I had hopes of yams and breadfruit also, but if they grew on Leeward none of us had a speaking acquaintance with them. Cookie did wonders with the pigs that were shot and brought in to him, though I never could sit down with appetite to a massacred infant served up on a platter, which is just what little pigs look like.

"Jes' yo' cas' yo' eye on dis yere in-nahcent," Cookie would request, as he placed the suckling before Mr. Tubbs. "Tendah as a new-bo'n babe, he am. Jes' lak he been tucked up to sleep by his mammy. Sho' now, how yo' got de heart to stick de knife in him, Mistah Tubbs?"

It was significant that Mr. Tubbs, after occupying for a day or two an undistinguished middle place at the board, had somehow slid into the carver's post at the head of the table. Flanking him were the two ladies. Everybody else had a sense of sitting in outer darkness, particularly I, whom fate had placed opposite Captain Magnus. Since landing on the island, Captain Magnus had sworn the efficacy of forks. Loaded to the hilt, his knife would approach his cavernous mouth and disappear in it. Yet when it emerged Captain Magnus was alive. Where did it go? This was a question that agitated me daily.

The history of Captain Magnus was obscure. It was certain that he had his captain's papers, though how he had mastered the science of navigation sufficiently to obtain them was a problem. Though he held a British navigator's license, he did not appear to be an Englishman.

The captain, as Mr. Vane had remarked, was Miss Browne's own find. Before the objections of Mr. Shaw—evidently a Negative Influence from the beginning—had caused her to abandon the scheme, Miss Browne had planned to charter a vessel in New York and sail around the Horn to the island. While nursing this project she had formed an extensive acquaintance with persons frequenting the New York waterfront, among whom was Captain Magnus. As I heard her remark, he was the one nautical character whom she found sympathetic, by which I judge that the others were skeptical and rude. Being sympathetic, Captain Magnus found it an easy matter to attach himself to the expedition—or perhaps it was Violet who annexed him, I don't know which.

The strange beast of the jungle was a white bull-terrier.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Coming of Age.

We mourn over the coming of age, but how many of us would really choose to remain young and so lose the treasures that the years bring; the varied friendships, the adventures, the garnered wisdom? Perpetual youth would leave us behind our own generation, would rob us of life's purpose and meaning.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON

By MARK TWAIN

Condensation by John Kendrick Bangs.



the vicissitudes of his early days. He was born in Florida, Mo., Nov. 30, 1835. The common schools gave him all the formal education he got.

"Roughing It," "The Gilded Age" (in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner), "Tom Sawyer," "A Tramp Abroad," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Huckleberry Finn," "The Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson," were some of the various books which kept Americans and Europeans laughing for many years. Mark Twain died April 21, 1916.

DAWSON'S LANDING, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi, in 1830, was a modest village with few claims to distinction. Conspicuous among her first citizens was York Leicester Driscoll, forty years of age, judge of the county court, of unblemished Virginia stock, unapparently childless, and esteemed by everybody that knew him. Another citizen of repute was Col. Cecil Burleigh Essex, who, except for one important particular, later disclosed, has nothing to do with this story. Resident here also was a certain Percy Northumberland Driscoll, brother of the judge, married, and a prosperous owner of slaves, among whom was a likely wench of twenty, Roxana by name. Into the Driscoll home on the first of February, 1830, two boy babies were born. One of these, christened Tom, was the son of Percy Northumberland. The other, tagged with the name of Violet de Chambre, or "Chambers" for short, was the son of the slave-girl Roxana, by a father at first unknown but later revealed to be Colonel Essex. Within a week of the birth of Driscoll's son the mother died, and in the natural course of events both boys were entrusted to the maternal care of the slave-mother.

About the same time into this quiet community came one David Wilson, hopefully anticipating a successful legal career, a hope blasted in the morning, since a gift of irony, one of David's most tangible assets, fell upon ears so literal as to be unappreciative, and suspicious of humor.

"I wish I owned half of that dog," said David one morning when a snarling yellow cur disturbed him.

"Why?" asked somebody.

"Because then I would kill my half!" replied David.

His hearers fell away from him in alarm. How could a man kill half of a dog without killing the other half also? Surely this man must be out of his mind.

"A lummock," said one.

"A perfect jackass," said another.

"He's a pudd'nhead, that's what he is!" said a third.

And from that day forward "Pudd'nhead Wilson" he was.

Now Pudd'nhead had two fads—palmistry, and finger-prints. The first he occasionally practiced, lacking clients to practice law upon, and the second he collected with great assiduity. No man, woman or child, ever entered the circle of Pudd'nhead's acquaintance without leaving a finger-print, or his thumb-mark, behind, and all of these were carefully named, recorded, dated and filed. This it happened that one day came Roxana and her two charges, Tom, the son of Driscoll, and Chambers, the son of herself and another. As like as two peas were the babies, in color, size and lineaments—so like that save to a mother's eyes they were indistinguishable, and the finger-prints of all were taken, labeled, dated, and added to the collection of Pudd'nhead Wilson.

What more natural than that the likeness of the two infants—Tom's own father could not tell him from the slave-baby—should suggest to a mother's heart an interchange of the children by which the slave should become the master and the master the slave, especially when the heart was constantly oppressed by the fear that when her babe grew to manhood he might be "sold down the river," that ever-present tormenting dread of the slave of the upper waters? What more natural than that there being no chance of detection, Roxana for love of her son should yield to that temptation and forthwith turn Chambers into Tom and Tom into Chambers by a single interchange of garments, these being the only outward and visible signs by which the boys were differentiated anyhow? It was in this manner that it came to be the proud offspring of the house of Driscoll grew into the slave-boy Chambers, abused

and neglected and that the seemingly white child of a negro-slave and an unknown father became the scion of a family of unblemished lineage.

But a mere change of clothes and condition does not penetrate far below the surface. A silken gown cannot alter the currents of a shoddy soul, and while externally the spurious heir was all F. F. V., internally he was negro. After a few years, never having discovered the deception practiced upon him by Roxana, Percy Driscoll died, penniless, but his brother, the judge, his prayer for children of his own denied, adopted the supposititious Tom, and made the boy his heir. He sent him to college. He gave him every advantage that an affectionate father could have given a boy of his own, but the raw material which was the real Tom was poor, and the soil unfruitful. The boy acquired a taste for dissipation for which the simple life of Dawson's Landing offered no assuagements. He plunged into the gay whirl of St. Louis, garnering nothing but disgraceful gambling debts. Worst of all he was at heart a snob, abused the real heir now become his slave, and acquired a profound detestation for his ancient nurse, Roxana, of whose real relation to him he was unaware, until goaded to intense resentment by his contemptuous and brutal treatment, she acquainted him with the terrible facts of his birth and ancestry, and demanded that he treat her as a mother on penalty of exposure.

The revelation prostrated the impostor for a brief period, but failed to spur him on to better behavior. He went from bad to worse, stooping even to housebreaking in order to obtain funds to pay his gambling debts. In his mother's power, and she not at all disinclined to blackmail, he was driven to all sorts of expedients to satisfy his own and her demands. But through it all he managed to maintain an outward appearance of superiority that enabled him to dazzle his inferiors and deceive his equals. The judge's love for the boy blinded him to the lad's evil character, but once he nearly disinherited him on the score of cowardice. A pair of mysterious Italian twins settled at Dawson's Landing, and at a public meeting, Tom having provoked him to action by his insolence, Luigi, the stronger of the two, had kicked the scion of the House of Driscoll off the stage into the audience, the stain of which insult a real F. F. V. would have wiped out upon the field of honor, but for which the cowardice of Tom found ample satisfaction in the police court, which proceeding so outraged the good judge that for the honor of his family he personally fought a duel with the offending Italian, wounding him, and thus laying the foundations for much future trouble.

Came now the supreme touches in the career of the spurious Tom. For the payment of newly acquired gambling debts, with Roxana's consent, Tom sold his own mother back into the slavery from which at Driscoll's death she had been freed, but in violation of his promises he sold her "down the river," a crime that reacted upon his unflinching heart when the resourceful Roxana escaped, and under threat of exposure of his real status in life, required him to indemnify her new master lest she be apprehended and returned to him. Having no other resources Tom resolved upon the robbery of his benefactor, the judge, in the fulfillment of which venture he murdered him, his weapon being an oriental knife of unusual design, which he had stolen from Luigi, the Italian in one of his theft-raids.

The murder of Judge Driscoll brought great excitement to Dawson's Landing, and the Italian twins narrowly escaped lynching for the crime. The whole community adjudged them guilty—all but Pudd'nhead Wilson, who volunteered to defend them in court, a poor reliance since they were his first and only clients. But Pudd'nhead was unafraid. The evidence against them was most convincing, but—

There were finger-prints upon the knife handle, and they were not the finger-prints of the accused!

Whose finger-prints were they? Tom, secure in his sense of safety because of the overwhelming evidence against the twins, ventured to taunt Pudd'nhead upon his confidence in winning his case. He entered his study, and seating himself at Pudd'nhead's side while he studied the prints in his collection, he picked up one of the records.

"Why here's old Roxy's label," he said contemptuously. "Nigger-paws, eh? There's a line across her thumb-print. Now how comes that?"

Pudd'nhead taking the glass from Tom's hand held it up to the lamp. The blood sank suddenly out of his face. He gazed at the polished surface with the glassy stare of a corpse. The mystery was solved!

Tom's thumb-print standing clearly outlined before him on the glass and that on the handle of the blood-stained knife were identical.

"To the minutest detail," said the foreman of the jury, as he returned a verdict of murder against the unhappy lad.

The twins were acquitted, the defrauded heir lifted up out of slavery and restored to his inheritance, and Tom forever branded as an impostor was "sold down the river" for the benefit of the creditors of the late Percy Northumberland Driscoll.

Copyright, 1915, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Copyright in the United Kingdom, the Dominions, its Colonies and dependencies, under the copyright act, by the Post Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A. All rights reserved. Printed by permission and arrangement with Harper & Bros., authorized publishers.

Justified—Without a Cause

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE

Extension Department, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.

TEXT.—Being justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.—Rom. 3:24.

"A miss is as good as a mile." Two men hurry to catch a train and both arrive too late.

One misses it by ten minutes, the other by one minute. As far as catching the train is concerned the latter might just as well have arrived ten minutes late as the one minute. Just so is the NEED of justification stated in Romans 3:23: "There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." There may be a wide difference in the degree of sinfulness, but there is none as far as the fact of sin is concerned; "a miss is as good as a mile."

The SOURCE of justification is found in the grace of God. "Being justified freely by His grace."—Romans 3:24. The word translated "freely" here is the same word used by Jesus in John 15:25: "They hated me WITHOUT A CAUSE." In Him was no cause for their hatred but they hated Him "freely." There is no cause in the sinner for justification, for "all have sinned." God justifies the sinner freely (or, without a cause) by His grace.

The METHOD of receiving justification is by faith. "Therefore being justified by faith."—Rom. 5:1. It is not by works of any kind, past, present or future, but by simple faith. This is where the religion of the world and the religion of the Bible are at variance. The world would have justification depend on what the sinner does, or attempts to do, or promises to do. God justifies freely; without a cause in the one justified. The moment the sinner lets go of every other hope and trusts wholly in what God has done, he stands justified before God. Some continually wonder if they have enough faith or if the faith they have is the right kind. If there is faith at all it is enough and if it is faith in what God has done it is the right kind. If God justified a sinner for anything that sinner does, or attempts to do, or promises to do, "justified by faith" would have no place in Scripture.

The man who most earnestly and most sincerely tries to be saved is the very one who most earnestly and most sincerely denies the need for the sacrifice of Christ upon the cross. The GROUND upon which God is enabled to justify the believing sinner is the blood of Christ. "Being justified by His blood."—Rom. 5:9. It is the blood of Christ alone that procures justification for the believer. It is because the death of Christ so fully removes all that stands against the sinner, every spot and stain of sin, every act of disobedience, every transgression against God, that God Himself sees it no more. The believer, therefore, is as far removed from the judgment on sin as the blood-shedder Israelite was removed from judgment during the night of the passover in Egypt. At that time the word was, "When I see the blood I will pass over you."—Exod. 12:13. Nothing was said concerning any other protection save the blood; if that was upon the door those behind it were as safe as God could make them. They were safe, not because of anything in themselves, but because of the blood. They were saved "freely," without a cause in themselves. So the believer today is justified freely through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5:7. We must be "justified by blood" or not at all.

The CONTINUITY of justification lies in the fact that "It is God that justifieth."—Rom. 8:33. It is God who is sinned against and if He is satisfied with what Christ has done upon the cross and justifies upon that ground, who can bring any charge against the believer? What end would be served by charging anyone with a crime if the Judge of that crime justified and set at liberty the person accused?

"The reason why many are not justified is found in Romans 10:1-4. They, going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves to the righteousness of God." Attempting to establish one's own righteousness is refusing the righteousness of God which He freely offers to all who will receive it by faith.

Justification is needed by every sinner, is provided by the grace of God, is procured by the blood of Christ and is offered to all who will accept it by simple faith. It is possessed through faith by the one who ceases from his own efforts to be saved. It is rejected through unbelief by the one who continues in his own efforts to be saved.

Those Who are Gone.

Those who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you love still; and you love them always. They are not really gone, those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will be closed upon you and you will be no more seen. — William Makepeace Thackeray.